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The Vision of Christopher Dawson
—Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

THE

Commonweal

America and Colonialism

What Price Independence?

by Robert C. Good

Rags to Riches

Horatio Alger and the Robber Barons

by John P. Sisk

A SUMMER'S REVELATIONS . . . . . Patricia Donegan
ORTEGA ON LOVE . . . . . Kathleen Craig
TEACHING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE . . . Gerard S. Sloyan
SOLDIER IN ALGERIA . . . . . George Shepherd, Jr.

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THE DOWNSIDE REVIEW

THE WINTER NUMBER is devoted almost exclusively to the matter of knowing, thinking about, and talking about God. It is one of our most important numbers. In a long article on Analogy, the Editor takes stock of some trends in linguistic analysis in relation to the classical doctrine of Analogy. These trends, examined more fully by John Coulson, are shown to constitute a challenge which no scholastic can ignore. A recent controversy between Dom Illtyd Trethowan, Fr. Victor White, and Fr. Edward Sillem, is printed here for the first time. It bears on the charge of atheism, levelled by Dom Illtyd against some scholastic writers, while an editorial comment suggests that the Thomist stronghold is impregnable so long as it is understood by its holders. There is a long article on Meister Eckhart by Dom Placid Kelley, which leading Eckhart scholars in Europe have recognized as giving the nerve of the Meister's teaching on the knowledge of God. The only exception to an otherwise homogeneous table of contents is an article by Dom Gregory Murray, who continues his research on the Solesmes interpretation of plainchant. Dom Gregory's articles on this subject have already secured the widest interest.

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 347

America and Colonialism
by Robert C. Good 350

Rags to Riches
by John P. Sisk 352

The Vision of Christopher Dawson
by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen 355

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 358

Of Note: "Equal Justice Under Law"
by Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. 359

Communications 360

More on Nuclear War
by John Cogley 363

Books 364

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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Contributing Editors
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE NEWS FROM PARIS

HOW DO WE assess the results of the Paris meeting of the NATO chiefs of state? The goal of the conference was clear: to strengthen and revitalize NATO to meet the new Soviet challenge. Sputniks I and II, placed in their orbits by long-range ballistic missiles, and then the failure of the United States Vanguard attempt, convinced the world that Russia held a frightening, albeit temporary, military advantage over the West. And the Soviets exploited their advantage shrewdly, alternating between brutal threats of nuclear annihilation and protestations of a desire for peace. World anxiety built up to a "crisis of confidence."

The United States answered this challenge with announcements of a speed-up in its own missile development (necessarily a long-range, complicated endeavor), and various proposals to strengthen American basic scientific and technical resources (all distantly theoretical). And, finally, the U.S. put its hope in a summit meeting of the NATO chiefs of state.

The Administration maintained that, if the free world was uncertain, swayed by Russian threats and promises, beset by internal economic and political ills, the NATO conference would somehow restore faith, strength and unity. It was never made quite clear just how all this was to be effected. The U.S. would offer the Western allies its own (medium range, as yet non-existent) missiles, although we would control the nuclear warheads to go with them, and the NATO member-nations would renew their pledge of mutual cooperation and mutual defense against attack. But, beyond these doubtful ideas, some critics asked, what else?

As it turned out, nothing else. President Eisenhower attached so much importance to the NATO meeting that he insisted, against the advice of almost everyone, on making the journey to Paris himself, illness or no illness. But once there he offered nothing more than his good will and hopeful sentiments, which, however moving, did not answer the harsh questions at hand. Secretary of State Dulles, widely disliked and mistrusted in Europe, came to Paris with little but the scheme for European missile bases, a plan of considerable risk and dubious practicality for our allies at this time. And in reply to the "peace offensive" aimed at Paris by Soviet Premier Bulganin, he brought only his usual expressions of contemptuous rejection.

MOST NATO NATIONS, perhaps because they are so far from Madison Avenue, were unimpressed. The majority flatly refused to commit themselves now—except "in principle"—to missile bases on their terribly vulnerable soil; they flatly refused to slam the door, as Mr. Dulles urged them to, on the Russian suggestion of negotiations for "peace." If the United States is the leader of the free world, the NATO conference served unmistakable notice that the Western nations would not this time automatically follow the leader.

In this sense, from the point of view of United States leadership and prestige, the Paris conference was a disappointment and a rebuke. And in terms of providing a dynamic answer to the post-sputnik danger of Communist aggression, the conference achieved very little.

Nevertheless, all is not lost because of these facts. It is true that the United States has suffered a propaganda setback, has, in effect, been given a warning vote of no confidence by the Western nations. But the basic realities of the present situation have not been changed. The balance of power in the world has indeed shifted in favor of the Russians, and this is the context within which we must live and work. But we still have time. Even inter-

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continental missiles have not overnight made the manned bomber obsolete, and the West has still the powerful Strategic Air Command and its stockpiles of nuclear weapons. It is certain that the Soviets wish to avoid a general war so long as it means retaliatory devastation for them, and at this point, missiles or no, such retaliation would be inevitable.

Our present position—of weakness, if you will—calls for courage without hysteria, firmness without intransigence, willingness to explore all possible avenues to a true and honest peace. But we do have time, if we will only use it. We have loyal and courageous allies. We have our great wealth and industrial might. We have, ultimately, faith in ourselves and in the future of freedom.

Perhaps the fiasco at Paris will prove to be a blessing—if it will shock our leaders into being less concerned with face-saving and more with action to repair mistakes; into coming to terms with facts even when they are bitter; above all, into speaking the truth, to the waiting world, but especially to themselves.

AMERICAN VIRTUES

CAN IT be that our nation has already started on a decline comparable to that of the Roman Empire when it was confronted by the Goths and other northern barbarians? Have the last few years of "soft living" in this country been taking their toll, while thousands of miles to the East a ruthless State has succeeded in driving its hard-pressed people to forge a whole armory of weapons for world conquest? Such questions recur from time to time as the evidence of the ground the United States has lost in the past ten years piles up.

One way of gauging certain of our weaknesses and our strengths as a people is provided by the impact made by individual Americans living in other countries. Scattered over the globe there are thousands of our servicemen, technicians, missionaries, businessmen, tourists and government officials. Many of them have a tendency to live apart from their surroundings and at a comparatively much higher level. Often they do not speak the language of the host country or make a serious attempt to learn it. They frequently manifest a baneful lack of interest in the glories of the local past, or in cultural achievements and other sources of national pride.

There is considerably less reason after sputnik for expatriate Americans to regard themselves as a sort of master race, or to undergo the scrutiny which such a role imposes. It is therefore somewhat misleading that the special number on Americans abroad which *Life* has now brought out contains so little intimation of a change of feeling. Such hints as there are can be found only in the article by Robert Coughlan, which stacks up our exile compatriots' virtues against their defects—all seen through the eyes of various Europeans.

What our hosts seem most to like about us is our personal generosity. They have greater difficulty with proverbial American friendliness, but do respond to it. They respect us for our sense of honesty and our sincerity, and there is something about our youthful approach to things that is undeniably appealing. But does this suggest a sufficient catalogue of virtues to cope with the danger which now confronts the people of the United States?

THE SENSE OF HISTORY

THE HISTORICAL sense has become a common possession only in recent times. It is not only that the specialists have made information about the past more readily available, but that events in the modern world follow so rapidly upon one another that time itself seems to be speeded up. The face of the world undergoes changes so sudden and startling that they are apparent to the least observant. And for the first time in the history of man he can contemplate the possibility of almost complete self-destruction. No one can assume that the nations which participate in a large-scale conflict will emerge in any recognizable form. In such a conflict the life of the nation is as tenuous as the life of the person.

It is probable that the pressures of such knowledge, however vague and unformulated, add to the popular interest in the massive historical studies of an Arnold Toynbee or an Eric Voegelin. And it is the conscious awareness of such problems that will lead readers to such recent works as Karl Lowith's *Meaning in History*, Jacques Maritain's *Philosophy of History* and Christopher Dawson's *Dynamics of History*.

In his consideration of Mr. Dawson's volume in this issue, Frederick Wilhelmsen testifies to the usefulness of history contemplated and, at least partially, penetrated and understood. History will be forever marked by the intersection of time and eternity for those who acknowledge the Incarnation. And the vision of St. Augustine shattered for

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the entire Western world the limitations of earlier historical views. Such a vision shapes not only our concept of the past; it bears on our judgment of the present and our desire for the future. Mr. Wilhelmsen says: "If we would preserve our own inheritance, an inheritance stretching back beyond the days of the Fathers to the time of the Prophets, we must capture again the sense of history."

Even beyond the audience to which these remarks are particularly directed, there are many who will respond to this statement. For only with "the sense of history" will we be able to recover what has been lost, to conserve what is still viable. And, at least as important, only with "the sense of history" will we be able to liberate what has been made rigid, to welcome what is original and fructifying.

There may be, as Mr. Wilhelmsen says, shabby efforts to have us "abandon our own heritage in the name of 'commitment to the twentieth century.' " The sense of history of which he speaks should, of course, enable us to foil such efforts; but it should also enable us to make a commitment to our own time. Nor should it be suggested, it seems to us, however inadvertently, that such a commitment involves loss of our proper heritage. The deepest concepts of democracy, for instance, find their validity in our Christian heritage. It is when there is the desire foolishly to return to the past, that our proper heritage is violated, that we have such incidents as the Dreyfus case. To provide against the recurrence of such incidents, to allow a proper commitment to our own time, to develop our proper heritage, the sense of history is, indeed a necessary thing.

NOTE ON A BESTSELLER

AYN RAND'S best-selling *Atlas Shrugged* was reviewed for The Commonweal by Patricia Donegan in the November 8th issue. Her opinion of the book may be gathered from these brief excerpts from that review: ". . . hardly acceptable as a novel . . . . her premise proceeds from hate . . . . considers pity immoral . . . . the destruction of the weak to the advantage of the strong is applauded . . . . an outpouring of hate. . . ."

One of our readers challenged this view of *Atlas Shrugged* in a letter to the editors, published in the December 20th issue, together with Miss Donegan's reply. Ordinarily, the matter would have been left there, but since then we have seen an interview with the novel's author which provides an interesting footnote to the discussion. The interview was carried out by Mike Wallace, and it recently appeared in the N.Y. *Post*. What follows are significant excerpts.

Q. Now, Miss Rand, here's the oath sworn to by the heroes of your novel: "I swear by my life and my love of it that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine." Isn't that a selfish philosophy?

A. Selfish? Most certainly. Every man has a right to exist for himself—and not to sacrifice himself for others.

Q. But you sound strangely like Cain . . . . aren't you your brother's keeper?

A. I am not. . . .

* * *

Q. What would you do with the poor, the weak, the ill—have them die in the streets?

A. No. Those who are totally incapable of effort would have to rely on voluntary help, but I do not believe that such help is a moral duty.

* * *

Q. If you see a man starving, lying in the street, ill—nothing in your heart moves you to give him help?

A. If I can afford it, and I know nothing evil about the man—yes, in an emergency, I would help him.

Q. One reviewer has said of you. . . . "Loudly as Miss Rand may proclaim her love of life, it is clear that her book is written out of hate." Don't you hate the inadequate, the weak, the stupid, the helpless?

A.—I hate no one. I hate the doctrines which preach the sacrifice of human values to non-values. As to the people who preach such doctrines, I do not hate them, I despise them.

Q. You are anti-Christian?

A. I am not merely anti-Christian—I am anti-mystical. The cross is the symbol of torture, of the sacrifice of the ideal to the non-ideal. I prefer the dollar sign—the symbol of free trade, therefore of the free mind.

Q. What thinker or philosopher living today in or out of America do you respect?

A. Not one.

Q. By your considered judgment, you are therefore the most creative thinker alive today?

A. If anyone can pick a rational flaw in my philosophy, I will be delighted to acknowledge him and I will learn something from him. Until then—I am.

That was the end of the interview. Mr. Wallace had no more questions. Neither have we.

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America and Colonialism

For years we endorsed the right of men to political freedom, though we did not have the power at first, nor the inclination later, to do more than shout our conviction

by ROBERT C. GOOD

WHENEVER the issue at stake is "colonialism," Americans confront a congenital, built-in dilemma. Historically, the United States has been an anti-colonialist nation, in spite of the aberration represented by McKinley, Beveridge and Theodore Roosevelt. Our first great state paper was a vigorously anti-colonial document: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another . . ."—thus did the words of our Declaration of Independence invoke the right of dissent, of self-determination, of revolution.

For years we endorsed the right of men to political freedom, though we did not have the power at first, nor the inclination later on, to do more than shout our conviction. For example, in the mid-nineteenth century an American warship by authority of Congress brought to this country the Hungarian revolutionary, Louis Kossuth. He received a hero's welcome, but no help for the cause of a free Hungary. As Henry Clay explained, "far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our pacific system and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this Western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen . . . republics in Europe." Interestingly enough, Secretary of State Dulles has kept alive important elements in this theme in his "liberation" policy. As an essential part of his "dynamic peace," about which he spoke last April and again in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs,* Mr. Dulles sees us providing "an example which demonstrates the blessings of liberty," and so creating "a climate in which despotism would shrink."

A spirit of anti-colonialism and the right of political freedom pervaded Woodrow Wilson's famous Fourteen Points, and from Wilson's hand came the League of Nations' mandate system, founded on "the principle that the well-being and development of . . . [dependent] peoples form a sacred trust of civilization. . . ." Again our anti-colonial convictions were shouted loudly, but again we avoided specific responsibility. The United States was urged to participate in the administration of mandates in the Middle East. Wilson refused. And America returned once more to the tending of her brightly burning lamp on "this Western shore."

In World War II the Atlantic Charter, which spoke of "the right of all people to choose the form of government under which they live," again announced our anti-colonial conviction to the world. But World War II ended with the United States a world power, and no longer could we broadcast convictions from "these Western shores." We were obliged to leave our citadel, and to participate in affairs which touched the security and welfare of all men everywhere. In our new power, we had become responsible—responsible above all for the fate of the Western community of nations, and thus for the values of a free and democratic society.

AT THE VERY moment when American power forced America to assume worldwide responsibility, another historical movement reached its climax: the revolt of the colonial peoples.

Nationalism and the professed right of nations to political self-determination and independence took its rise in Western Europe at the end of the eighteenth century. By the end of the nineteenth century the political ferment had seeped from Europe into the Middle East and Asia. In 1905 the cause of political independence was given an enormous boost throughout the colonial world by the Japanese victory over

Mr. Good is a member of the staff of the Social Science Foundation at the University of Denver.

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Russia. The editor of *Indian Review* wrote at the time that the "wonderful and marvellous" Japan had "humbled a . . . representative of all that is haughty and arrogant among the nations of the West."

World War I brought the colonial pot to a boil but the colonial powers were still strong enough to keep the lid on. Only Iraq, following World War I, achieved her independence.

But World War II, which thrust up the United States as a world power, also brought about the collapse of the imperial powers. Aided again by Japan, whose conquests in Southeast Asia helped to break the back of Western imperialism, one nation after another shook itself free from its colonial bonds. The result has been staggering. In a decade, twenty Afro-Asian countries with a total population of approximately eight hundred million have achieved their freedom. Representing nearly one-third of the world's population, and combined with other Afro-Asian nations in the U.N., these newly-independent countries have become a new force in world affairs. With Soviet support, they seek the final liquidation of Western colonialism everywhere.

This colonial revolt would appear to be within the American tradition and consistent with American values. Some would even argue, as did an Indonesian U.N. delegate several years ago, that the colonial revolt offers potential strategic advantages to the West. "It seems to me," he said, ". . . that the best strategy lies not in possessing square miles for bases or barracks [in Asia], but in acquiring the support and sympathy of the great majority of the world's people. Who wins this support wins the world." Ultimately, this may be true. But our responsibilities are not only ultimate. They are immediate, too.

The United States, which emerged as a world power with world-wide responsibilities exactly at the climax of the colonial revolt, is the chief custodian of free world security. Our responsibilities in maintaining free world security bring us into inevitable, continuing, and increasingly intimate relations with the nations of Western Europe—and particularly France and Britain. And Britain and France are the chief, though not the only, symbols of Western colonialism. Witness the U.N. debates on Cyprus and Algeria, for example.

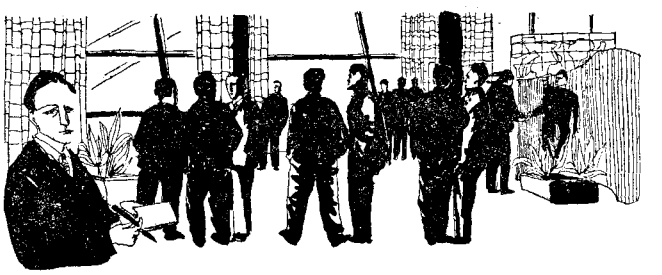
NOW ALL OF this adds up to one of those uncomfortable situations which cannot be solved by verbal sleight-of-hand or tricky political formulas; it is one of those "circumstances . . . beyond the control of man" that Disraeli used to talk about. But Disraeli went on to say that, intractable circumstances notwithstanding, "man's *conduct is* in his own power."

Responsible conduct concerning the colonialism question will acknowledge that self-determination is not necessarily the *summum bonum* in a world in which the value of political independence must be brought into relationship with the values of security and stability; it will acknowledge that self-government, if the emergent nations are to remain free and viable entities, requires "more than the mere breaking of old political ties that have become unwelcome,"as Secretary Dulles wisely reminds us. Responsible conduct will understand that each colonial problem will have to be assessed and handled according to its own merits, for there is no single formula which can capture all of the disparate elements which must be analyzed: the degree of political maturity of the colonial country in question; the effect of emancipation on the security of the Western world, as well as the effect of continuing colonial status on the attitudes of the Asian-African world; above all, the question of timing.

If the application of these factors results in inconsistencies, they will be inconsistencies which grow out of our position of enormous responsiblity. We value political independence and we are against colonialism. But we value too and are the trustees of the free world's security. There are times when we cannot have both. There are times, as Emerson reminded us, when consistency is foolish and inconsistency is wise.

But it is just as important that responsible conduct avoid "foolish *in*consistencies." We can talk about our "emancipation" from European colonial policies, about our innocence and our love of liberty and our hatred of "alien despotism." But if we are not careful, it will be foolish talk. Our union with Europe is not a marriage of convenience, but of necessity. And while we surely love liberty and hate despotism, we are not as innocent as we would like to think.

Perhaps, before this reaches print, the U.N. will again be faced with the colonialism question, and the United States once more will be obliged to take a stand—or at least, on this most embarrassing of all problems, to try to "charm ache with air and agony with words." Be that as it may, if we "vaunteth ourselves" and become "puffed up" over our virtuous condemnation of colonialism, we are bound to look a little silly and foolishly inconsistent when, the next time around, responsibility prompts us to resolve the conflicting values in favor of supporting colonialism. Though our sentiments may be consistently anti-colonial, we had perhaps better not talk as if we can be consistently anti-colonial in everything we do.



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Horatio Alger and
the Age of the Robber Barons

Rags to Riches

by JOHN P. SISK

THOSE WHO remember the stories of Horatio Alger may recall that once the hero had gotten a firm hold on one of the upper rungs of the ladder he found himself in halcyon country. The Algerian world of business was undisturbed by depressions, fluctuating money, excessive government restrictions and rambunctious labor. Dudes, speculators and swindlers might harass it intermittently, but they were soon neutralized by the general serenity.

Professor Edward Chase Kirkland makes no reference to Alger in his new book, *Dream and Thought in the Business Community, 1860—1900* (Cornell University Press, $3), but he nevertheless makes it clear that Alger needs correction on this point. The mood of his period, which was roughly Alger's as well, he finds to have been somewhat less than sunny. The Age of Abundance saluted by Henry Luce in a recent issue of *Fortune* was still far in the future for post-Civil War business men. Actually, they were overwhelmed by anxieties: the recurrent panics and depressions, the fierce hazards of business competition, the lazy workers and the meddling government, an educational system tuned to culture rather than practical utility, an envious rabble and forward-marching Socialism and Communism, a refusal of stature by the non-business world, and the crack-brained theories of philanthropists, professors, lady millionaires and a host of other misguided obstructionists unable to comprehend the natural law that the Lord writ large in creation.

It is no wonder that Rockefeller, looking back, should say: "If I had foreseen the future I doubt whether I would have had the courage to carry on"; that Carnegie, caught up in the hurly-burly, should exclaim: "To continue longer overwhelmed by business cares . . . must degrade me beyond hope of permanent recovery"; or that Vanderbilt should be driven to consult a Staten Island seeress "as to the future course of the stock market." If, as Emerson had pointed out earlier in the century, things were in the saddle and riding mankind, the heroic age of American enterprise got a particularly rough ride.

Professor Kirkland's gracefully written and thoroughly documented book makes this point on the evidence of statements by the business men themselves, in the press and business periodicals, in books, magazine articles, private correspondence and before Congressional committees. What interests him is what business men "thought or thought they thought." Inevitably this approach results in interpretations often at odds with those of Myers, Josephson or Veblen. Veblen in particular Professor Kirkland finds guilty of over-simplification —too inclined, for instance, to reduce the real-life complexities of business men to "conspicuous consumption" and "honorific association."

BUT IF Veblen and Alger are both shown to have been sometimes off the target, Alger is more often found right on it, and it was the unmentioned Alger that I found myself thinking of as I read this book. Not only did Alger share with his entrepreneur contemporaries a suspicion of dudes, speculators and frivolous pursuits and a passion for security and order, but he was in complete agreement with them on the subject of character. Nobody in the world ever had character the way a young man on the make has it in Alger; nevertheless, Professor Kirkland's sources make it clear that the Age of the Robber Barons aspired to have it the same way. What Horatio held his mirror to may have been less nature than a dream, but it was a revealing dream: a dream of ideal accuracy, neatness, promptness, self-reliance, thrift, honesty, loyalty, industry, stick-to-itiveness and gumption.

One of Professor Kirkland's business men, referring to the selection of employees, says: "The first question should be, What is the man? What is his character? What are his habits?" The most cursory examination of Alger's heroes makes it clear that this was also Alger's first question.

Luke Larkin in *Struggling Upward* is "a thoroughly good boy, and a smart boy . . . absolutely reliable." Ragged Dick, the New York bootblack, is "always wide awake and ready for business. . . . He would not steal, or cheat, or impose upon younger boys, but was frank and straight-forward, manly and self-reliant" and cannot be called poor "since he earns his living by his own exertions." Like Luke, Dick is scrupulously honest: he

Mr. Sisk, a frequent contributor, is a member of the English faculty at Gonzaga University, Spokane.

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travels uptown to return a customer's fifteen cents change. And these young men are fearless: Luke stands up to the stage robbers while a blustering colonel wilts in terror, and Phil the Fiddler stands up to the vicious padrone while the other boys quail before him. Jed the Poorhouse Boy is dressed like a pauper yet "an observer skilled in physiognomy" would have seen in him "signs of a strong character, a warm and grateful disposition, and a resolute will." Luke Larkin's clothes are, typically, "worn but neat in appearance," while his mother's "modest" cottage is small and plainly furnished but "exceedingly neat." Obviously such stalwarts avoid tobacco, strong drink, billiard parlors, games of chance and pointless excursions away from duty. (Like Marquand's Willis Wayde, Luke can wait for his trip to Europe.)

Now literary people are inclined to be irritated with all this talk about virtue and character, suspecting its utilitarian bias. They tend to feel the way D. H. Lawrence felt about Ben Franklin's famous creed. "God is the supreme servant of men who want to get on, to produce," complained Lawrence. "Benjamin had no concern, really, with his immortal soul." A spokesman like Charles E. Perkins, whom Professor Kirkland often quotes, plays into the hands of this attitude when he asks: "Have not great merchants, great manufacturers, great inventors, done more for the world than preachers and philanthropists?" And so, it must be admitted, does Alger: has anyone ever said so much about virtue in such materialistic terms?

When literary people are not irritated with the virtues of Alger and the business community they are amused by them. Thus Russel Crouse, for instance, commenting on the virtues of the Alger hero: "But do these noble attributes with which he is always so carefully endowed . . . play the vital part in his ultimate success? They do not."

YET THIS seems to me the same sort of oversimplification that Professor Kirkland accuses Veblen of. Morally speaking, there is a static quality in the Alger stories: heroes do not so much develop character as display it. But the didactic point is, as Alger's millions of readers realized, that success happens to the Alger hero *because* he is virtuous, so that in the final analysis virtue does play a vital part. Besides, in Alger as in Hemingway there is a confraternity of right guys, and one right guy always knows another, no matter how disguised by rags and dirt he may be, by certain infallible signs. "He has an open face," says a rich man of Ragged Dick, "and I think can be trusted." A right guy can never go long undetected; the merest chance occurrence will bring him to the attention of other more influential right guys. Chance is therefore a handmaid to virtue, an "earned" stepping stone to success.

Professor Kirkland's business men would have understood this. No doubt, separated as they were by two or three generations from the Executives Program at Aspen, they often had some strange notions about how character could be developed, often arguing, for instance, that commercial education and manual training were far superior to the hated Latin and Greek. No doubt, embattled as they were, they often confused character training with any process that would produce docile and efficient help. No doubt they often spoke as though a human being were a mechanical contrivance. ("I am not," said the testy Lawrence, "a mechanical contrivance.") But they were surely right in their emphasis on character.

Character of the sort these men were interested in was indispensable in that ruggedly competitive society. Success, or simply survival, demanded a heroic concentration of one's energies, an athletic and ascetic discipline. These were the Desert Fathers of the modern industrial world. Their Algerian self-denial was necessary to keep in check that part of their humanity that stood in the way of achievement. It is no wonder that, living so arduously, they sometimes talked so extravagantly about the importance of business in the total scheme of things.

Character was also defense: defense against not only external but internal hostile forces. "It is no longer questionable that great sums bequeathed oftener work more for the injury than the good of the recipients," Carnegie put it in his "Wealth." He would have understood what the Abbot John told his disciples: "The Fathers did eat only bread and salt and were made strong in the work of God, whilst they straitened themselves." If one could not eat bread and salt and like it he could not expect to negotiate the strait gate and narrow way of success: the cake would corrupt him.

But the business man also needed character to defend himself against the very selfishness he tried so hard to give an optimistic reading to. Darwin, Adam Smith, even Emerson, might be used to buffer the conscience against a ruthless acquisitiveness, but the individual's instinctive and protective fear of it remained. This is why then, as now, the business community made so much of honesty. Although its preoccupation with this aspect of character might in particular instances have been the cover-up of guilt or hypocrisy, or simply the reaction to the cynicism of the general public, it was nevertheless basically a genuine conviction that honesty was the best policy. The potentialities for a frightening disorder in a dishonest struggle upward were too apparent—and, as Professor Kirkland points out, disorder was the last thing the business man wanted.

IN ANY EVENT, life in the industrial Desert was only for the heroic few. "The masters of capital," says Professor Kirkland, "applied themselves to work

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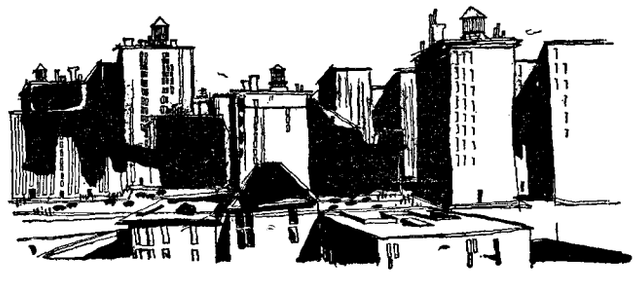
remorselessly. The executive had his lunch sent in to his place of business and carried his unfinished work home or on vacation." The business community was "highly dubious of the value of interruptions of the working process." One employer was appalled to discover that Sundays and Saturday half-holidays subtracted eighty-five days a year "from our real working time." Another noted in his diary that Labor Day was humbug and "a harvest for saloon keepers." Charles Perkins wrote: "We must labor. It is the divine law. . . . It is the sound economic law."

It is not hard to understand the reaction of literary people to all this: either they are humanistically repelled by such austerities or they are passionately attached to a different Desert. Nor is it hard to understand the reaction of the unheroic common man, who has little stomach for any kind of Desert, though he may want very much the fruits of those who labor there. For them he has some respect and some awe, but also a good deal of envy and hatred.

And so in time, and inevitably, appeared the anti-Alger hero, a comic fellow we can call the Successful Boob, the mythical figure popularized by Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, Abbot and Costello, Bob Hope and Danny Kaye. This fellow breaks all the rules of the success game; he bumbles, fumbles and stumbles his way to the top. He strikes it rich and gets the pretty girl, while the Alger figure, the man who should succeed because he has carefully followed standard Algerian procedures, is, like Malvolio in *Twelfth Night,* eventually hooted off the stage. Thus, Hegelianly, does striving generate unstriving.

Simply as comedy this is good fun; but it is fun that makes sense only in a striving, competitive society. The Boob is our symbolic *non serviam,* our way of lashing back at a galling discipline and at those who by successfully using it have gotten ahead of us. But more positively, if clandestinely, the Boob expresses the most American conviction that nature will ultimately triumph over nurture. The Boob is just a nice guy; ludicrous stumblebum that he is, there is something naturally precious in him that guarantees success without striving. He represents the triumph of personality, however naively conceived, over character. In his own way he dramatizes the literary man's conviction that the Algerian life of ascetic self-denial does violence to the whole man, and for his own reasons he believes with Henry Ford that history is bunk.



IF THE Successful Boob is no longer funny as he used to be it is because, for better or for worse, the upward striving hero is no longer taken as seriously as he once was. We have come a long way from Professor Kirkland's Desert Age. There are throughways in the Desert now; the cells are less austere; the hermits congregate together, doing it the group way. It is said that there are good cells still available farther off in the Desert for those hardy and individual enough to go looking for them, and a few do go, but there is a general feeling that it isn't worth the effort. There is even a rumor around that the whole Desert might become a housing development.

At the moment the significant figure is one who has found a precarious position between striving and unstriving, between Alger and the Successful Boob. He is as honest as Luke Larkin but he has lost Luke's unqualified faith in the rightness of the upward struggle. He talks like Tom Rath in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*: "I don't think I have the willingness to make the sacrifices. I don't want to give up the time. I'm trying to be honest about this. I want the money. Nobody likes money better than I do. But I'm not just the kind of guy who can work evenings and weekends and all the rest of it forever. . . . I'm not the kind of person who can get all wrapped up in a job—I can't get myself convinced that my work is the most important thing in the world."

And Ralph Hopkins, the radio executive whose whole life is violently opposed to such sentiments, listens with respect! Professor Kirkland tells us that in their darker moments the entrepreneurs of the eighties and nineties often speculated gloomily about the future shape of things. It is doubtful that even in their gloomiest moments they foresaw anything quite like this.

AN APPEAL

Llewellyn J. Scott appeals for funds to sustain his House of Hospitality in a Negro slum district of Washington. "At Blessed Martin's Hospice the poor are ever with us, sometimes asking, sometimes demanding food and shelter." The buildings are old, and keeping them in repair, as well as satisfying the local Health Department, is proving to be very difficult with the limited funds at Mr. Scott's disposal. Blessed Martin Hospice feeds about two hundred men every day, as well as providing emergency care for families in the neighborhood. Readers who wish to contribute to help this work should address Llewellyn J. Scott, Director, The Blessed Martin Hospice, 38 Eye Street, N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

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Men and God,

not laws and causal sequences

The Vision of Christopher Dawson

by FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

THAT A MAN should speculate successfully upon the origins of civil society is not remarkable; that he should prove an able philosopher is not exceptional; that he should stand among the peers of his own nation in the profession of history is a thing not altogether new; that he should command a vision profoundly Christian and altogether human—this has been done before; that he should be all these things at once and together—this is incredible.

Christopher Dawson is certainly the first scholar in the English-speaking Catholic world, perhaps in the whole world. To the Spanish intellectual, Dawson is the spirit of Catholic England; to the German, he is its mind; to the American, he may become its conscience. His subdued eloquence is just now beginning to trouble us and his very existence is a rebuke to our whole educational system.

Yet it is not upon his proposals to reform the university that I would chiefly address myself in this essay. The value of orienting the humanistic disciplines around the reality of Christian culture; Dawson's contention that history be made the hub of the wheel of education; the breadth of vision prompting him to put forth his program—these things can be understood only by discovering what history means to Dawson himself. Every book he has written is a meditation in the concrete on the life of man in time under God. To a distinguished series of studies by Mr. Dawson is now added *The Dynamics of World History,* edited by Mr. John J. Mulloy. (Sheed and Ward, $6.) Mr. Mulloy has assembled in one book the most significant contributions of Dawson towards a sociology of history. Mr. Mulloy is to be thanked for having taken up the task. He is to be congratulated for having executed it so magnificently.

Addressing himself early in life to the status of "Sociology as a Science," Dawson marked out the limits of his future career. He found sociology with a vast body of material at hand and no clearly defined principles with which to organize it. In the meantime sociologists and historians faced one another with mutual distrust. What passed for history among the former was viewed with contempt by men who had given their lives to historical truth. In turn, the cheerful indifference of historians to the supposedly scientific nature of their discipline infuriated men for whom the ideal of science was sacred.

Inheriting from Comte and Saint-Simon, more directly from Frederic Le Play, the hope of building a genuinely scientific sociology; informed by a mind and a sensibility profoundly attuned to the beauty and tragedy of history; possessed of an enormous capacity for synthesis—Dawson had taken to himself the materials of both sociologist and historian. He has succeeded so well that it is often difficult to determine whether he is writing history or sociology. This irritates pedants but it bespeaks Dawson's fidelity to the real: existence, after all, is too dense and rich to be reduced to the severely defined limits professors place on their own disciplines. These limits often cloud that total commitment to being, that adherence to the real which sunders forever the whole man, Unamuno's "man of flesh and bone," from that desiccated anonymous observer whose delicate shade haunts our academies and rustles politely through the unread pages of our scholarly journals today. Existence, Gilson once wrote, "is the catalyzer of essences." The degree to which a man realizes this truth concretely measures the distance he puts between himself and the original sin of the intellectual mind: rationalism. Of rationalism there is no trace in Christopher Dawson.

WRITING much later in life, and this out of the fullness of his wisdom, Dawson declares that the sense of history is born neither of scientific tools nor intellectual distinctions, but is given as a gift and a vision essentially esthetic in structure. Some men simply see the heart of a culture and some do not. We reach here, it seems to me, an absolute. The difference between seeing and not seeing can be reduced to nothing more fundamental than the opposition between sight and blindness. Thus Henry Adams, for all his Unitarianism, saw the thirteenth century; G. G. Coulton, for all his Latin, did not.

Yet vision, insists Dawson, must be pumped by the spirit, the mind, and even by the blood. He learned

Mr. Wilhelmsen, now in Europe on leave from Santa Clara University, is the author of *Hilaire Belloc: No Alienated Man.*

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all about the blood from Frederic Le Play, a sociologist who dealt in things and men, and Dawson warmed to him as to a brother. From Le Play he learned that the life of a man and of the society of which he is a part grows out of the earth itself and like a mighty tree waxes so long as it keeps its roots in the things that are. Explicitly stating his agreement with T. S. Eliot that a higher culture can be nourished only by flourishing regional cultures, Dawson insists that a "meta-culture," while transcending its origins, must always walk upon them for they are the very limbs of civilization. Amputate them and the gangrene of cosmopolitanism sets in, sapping society of its vigor and draining it of all health. This judgment lies behind the many condemnations of our rootless urban culture of today that run throughout this entire collection of essays.

Dawson finds Islam a point in question. While flourishing in faraway India and Burma under highly civilized and refined conditions, Islam never lost the blinding conception of a naked God that came once and forever to simple men annealed in the barren grandeur of the desert. And, we might add, the awful transcendence of the Almighty is softened and made human for men who live among groves and who know light airs and easy mists. For such the gods are many and the saints are friends of the Lord. What Dawson says so lucidly on the level of theory concerning what I would call the embodiment of the spirit in the womb of the world, Hilaire Belloc once said poetically in his somber meditation on "The Men of the Desert." This essay, certainly one of the half-dozen great essays in the English language, culminates in the conviction that grace incarnates itself the better in men in proportion to their natural perfection.

If both Belloc and Dawson have been accused of associating the Christian Thing too closely with culture it is because both men have seen that the God of the Catholic Faith is not the "Totally Other" of Protestant theology, but a God transcending *within* immanence, a God discovered always by men located in a world and moving within a history. To see the things of the spirit acting above and beyond history, touching men who are thereby translated out of history—to understand religion and society in this manner is not only a fall into Barthianism: it is something even worse: a failure to understand the sexual dimension of the human spirit.

While fully sensitive, as indicated, to the immanent character of religion, Dawson carefully preserves its transcendence. Here he parts company with Eliot whose *Notes Towards a Definition of Culture* tended in the direction of identifying religion and culture. A religion cannot be explained, Dawson insists, in purely sociological terms. Every attempt to do so has robbed religion of its intrinsic interest and has drained it of its crucial significance. The Church, Chesterton's "thundering chariot" swerving this way and that through all the early ages, maintained a balance between those who would have robbed Christianity of its historicity by refining the Faith into a kind of Platonic cosmogony and those who would have robbed the Faith of its transcendence by reducing the Kingdom of God to the expected reign of Christ among His saints within history. Dawson's essays on "Christianity and the Meaning of History" form the brilliant center and baroque climax of Mr. Mulloy's compilation. In a series of rapidly developed arguments, Dawson sketches "The Christian View of History," "History and the Christian Revelation," "Christianity and Contradiction in History," and "The Kingdom of God and History"; finally, he gathers the whole into one splendid vision written with remarkable economy and insight: "St. Augustine and the City of God." Here is summed up, not only the Augustinian and Catholic theology of history, but the very heart of Dawson's commitment to Christian existence.

CONTRASTING the Greek word with the Hebrew, Dawson sees in the former a contempt and a fear for the things that pass; an emphasis on the universal and the abstract that drained history of any substance proper to itself; a theory of cyclic return that stripped history of both its novelty and its drama. But the Hebrews knew that the unique moment in time is the crossroads at which man ever stands, pointing back to a past having meaning in its light of the present and forwards towards a future full of mystery and apocalypse. The Catholic, combining the breadth which is one with the mission of the Church with a "sense of the uniqueness and irreversibility of the historic process . . . is the heir of a universal tradition." Quoting with pride the words of Orosius, Dawson has truly made them his own: "Everywhere is my country, everywhere my law and my religion. . . . The breadth of the east, the fullness of the north, the extent of the south and the islands of the west are the wide and secure home of my citizenship, for it is as a Roman and a Christian that I address Romans and Christians."

Forever reminded by the shattering absurdity of the Incarnation that history is made, not by laws and causal sequences but by men and God, the Catholic sense of history is irrevocably opposed to the rationalist reduction of history to scientific necessity. "History is impatient of all . . . artificial constructions. It is at once aristocratic and revolutionary." Arbitrary and unpredictable to a reason forever bent on clarity, the darkness of history is bathed in the Light of the Incarnate Word. And in this darkness lit by the lamp of faith the Catholic sees everywhere "the signs of a divine purpose and election."

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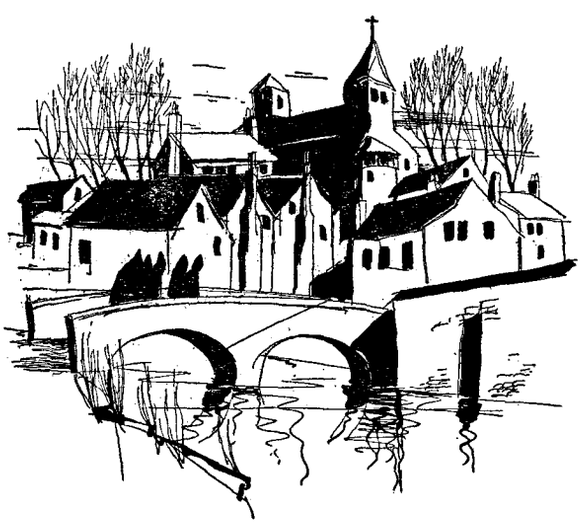
That God fingered an obscure and harsh tribe, thus touching it with the mark of his Covenant; that He came into time and was born of woman; that He died on the Cross and thereby sealed the redemption of the whole human race—these follies to the Greek mind are the substance of the Catholic heart. "What has Athens to do with Jerusalem?" The taunt of Tertullian is probed with an amazing delicacy by Dawson who really understands the meaning of Donatism and the African Church. The rough comradeship of the African Christians; their contempt of the rich and their impatience with injustice; their incomprehension before the philosophical traditions of the Hellenic world; their confident hope in an early end to worldly history; their passion to taste again the fleshly presence of Christ who would surely come soon and gather round Him His oppressed, the little ones of His Heart; the dream of Tertullian of an altogether earthly paradise here below, a paradise swept clean of Greek seduction and Imperial oppression—these are the things and this the spirit Augustine faced in Africa when touched with the dignity of the episcopacy.

All Africa seemed to be crying for martyrdom as this whole continent groaned under a cross fashioned, so men thought, not on Golgotha but on the Acropolis. Outwardly ascetic and haggard, the African spirit hungered inwardly for the luxury of a faith devoid of mind, of a God so one with man in history that He surrendered His very transcendence. This excessive contempt of the world gave birth to the irony of a Christian materialism. From the East Augustine faced a danger more insidious because more subtle: the inclination to reduce the Kingdom of God to a "supersensuous and intelligible world"; the tendency to dissolve the Faith into "a kind of Christian *Mythos.*" Origen, despite his orthodox intentions—declares Dawson—produced a new and dangerous attitude towards the Church in which "the traditional conception of the Church as . . . the New Israel, and the forerunner of the Kingdom of God fell into the background as compared with a more intellectualist view of the Church as the teacher of an esoteric doctrine or *gnosis* which leads the human soul from time to eternity."



St. Augustine, while fully preserving the transcendent destiny of man, located our salvation within the City of God—a City whose source is trans-historical but whose being englobes the whole of history. Older than the world because its first citizens are the angels, "as wide as humanity, since in all successive ages Christ is the same Son of God, co-eternal with the Father, and the Unchangeable Wisdom by Whom every rational soul is made blessed," the City of God is the very spiritual unity of the whole universe.

Christ is both the Wisdom of the Father and "the fullness of time." In Him eternity and time, history and transcendence, are gathered into the bosom of the Father in whom we live and move and have our being. Sharply set off from the City of Man, the citizen of the divine city can see the Hand of God in the contradictions of history, the breath of the Spirit in each chance meeting of men in the crossroads of time. The metaphysics of time, the meaning of memory as the prism of history, the crisis of freedom, the rule of love —these Augustinian themes fill out the Catholic sense of history. It is a very good thing indeed that there be a Christopher Dawson to remind us that we are the people of history and that history is ours.

DAWSON makes his own Augustine's claim that we are living now in the last age and that the end is near. With the Incarnation, history saw its most solemn event and nothing remains, as Newman once wrote, but now "to gather in the Saints . . . the present distress . . . is ever *close* upon the next world and resolves itself into it." Yet the Catholic of the past never waited grimly for the end. He never felt constrained to husband the world against the approach of the apocalypse. This is the role of a Heidegger or of any existentialist thinker who has passed through the Calvinist rejection of being. To the Catholic people of history the world was a splendid jewel and in its goodness all were called to luxuriate. It is in the baroque civilization of the seventeenth century that Dawson finds the last great corporate expression of the Catholic salute to being. No one really understands Dawson's carefully worded strictures against modern industrial civilization who has not read his essay "Catholicism and the Bourgeois Mind."

Ironically reminding all of us that we are bourgeois whether we know it or not, Dawson goes on to identify the bourgeois mind with the "closed" spirit, the commercial spirit that never deals in men and things and therefore never gives itself away. Following Weber and Sombart, Dawson sees the bourgeois spirit as essentially chained in the medieval world, then lib-

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erated by the Protestant insistence on faith alone and by the Protestant rejection of the sacramental character of the universe. The deadly enemy of the peasant; the aristocrat; the soldier; the priest; the mystic; the artist, the bourgeois can almost be defined by his opposition to these *existentially* Catholic types.

The baroque was thrown up in protest against the rising commercial spirit of Holland and England. Fused under the force of battle, the baroque was an artificial culture, a theatrical world affirming flamboyantly the glory and grandeur of the things God had made. It was an erotic culture that lavished itself on God and man, "an uneconomic culture which spent its capital . . . recklessly and splendidly . . . the baroque spirit lives in and for the triumphant moment of creative ecstasy. It will have all or nothing. . . . 'All for love and the world well lost,' *'Nada, nada, nada.'* "

Dawson sees the turning back of Alexander Farnese from Paris as one of the crucial moments in history. The defeat of the Spanish arms marked the victory of the closed over the open spirit, of the cautious over the ecstatic, of the prudent over the lover. Thus was the age of great love affairs brought to an end. The Praise-God Barebones won the world and the future was given over to the penny-savers. Yet the Baroque continued to fight on. A culture of the court that enshrined the *Sanctum Sanctissimum* on a high altar as befitted a Great King, it was simultaneously the spirit of the Catholic peoples of Latin and Austrian Europe. The risings in La Vendée in 1793, in Tirol in 1809, in the Basque provinces in the late nineteenth century —these, maintains Dawson, were the last sparks of the grandeur of the Counter Reformation genius.

Dawson warns us against the bourgeois spirit; perhaps it would be better to call it today the post-bourgeois spirit. The "closed" heart becomes "other-directed" when it loses its nerve. We live now in an "other-directed" universe of little men. If we would preserve our own inheritance, an inheritance stretching back beyond the days of the Fathers to the time of the Prophets, we must capture again the sense of history. We must walk again with Augustine.

This brings me back to where I began. Dawson has suggested in these past few years that reform of the Catholic University to which I referred in the opening pages of this essay. He has suggested that Christian culture be made the center of all our educational endeavors. It is doubtful whether this can be done by administrative fiat. A revolution is called for, a revolution worked in the hearts of Catholic scholars everywhere in this nation. To read *The Dynamics of World History* is to be appalled all the more by the shabby efforts made today to force us to abandon our own heritage in the name of "commitment to the twentieth century," but it is also to see the possibility of the necessary revolution.

THE SCREEN

ONE MAN'S MEAT

IT'S COME to that time of year again when the reviewer can throw care to the winds and select his best ten. *His*. He can be as personal as he likes and he doesn't have to answer to anyone. This yearly fling has certain merits. It might be easier for the reviewer to name the year's ten worst films, but that wouldn't be quite cricket; he hasn't seen all the bad movies. And by naming the ten best, he lets his readers know where he stands so they may know what to expect in the future. Furthermore, he may even encourage producers to do better. They didn't do too well in 1957, which was, on the whole, a dull cinema year with a lot of war pictures, serious and comic, a smattering of good musicals, a few thoughtful dramas and lighthearted comedies, and a great deal of mediocrity, most of it due to Hollywood's fears and lack of imagination. But here, without further ado, are my choices—not necessarily in order of preference, except for the first film, which I nominate as the best of the year.

The Bridge on the River Kwai—because Sam Spiegel's handsome production filmed in Ceylon and David Lean's superb direction of a first-rate cast portrayed real people in an exciting adventure story on the madness of war.

A Man Escaped—because Robert Bresson's French thriller about a Frenchman's wartime escape from a German prison had a Robinson Crusoe quality and used cinema expertly to pay a tribute to man's courage, will and hope.

A Hatful of Rain—because, after several other films tried, Director Fred Zinnemann successfully told a moving and realistic story about a dope addict and his family.

Funny Face—because Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn and Kay Thompson gave audiences such a lift in the year's best musical, which also had flair and imagination in its use of color.

Twelve Angry Men—because, although its locale was limited to one room, Henry Fonda and eleven other good actors portrayed a jury in action in a provocative drama that effectively commented on jurors and the jury system.

Cabiria—because, although the great Italian director Federico Fellini told another grim story, his film was richly rewarding in understanding and spirit.

Full of Life—because Judy Holliday, in a performance entirely different from her previous hits, was utterly charming in this film done with amusement and taste on the unusual subject of pregnancy.

The Spirit of St. Louis—because of Director Billy

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Wilder's success in making the audience participate in Lindbergh's historic flight in a movie that celebrated the human spirit.

Operation Mad Ball—because the year's funniest comedy succeeded where other attempts foundered in telling a really wacky story about service men, a film that used visuals and dialogue expertly to put over its jokes.

The Red Balloon—because this French film, produced, directed and written by Albert Lamorisse, turned cinema into poetry in telling a whimsical tale of a little boy whose best friend was a balloon; the result was motion picture magic.

So stand the ten. Every moviegoer will have his own list, and, in fact, my choices could be juggled a bit by a few subtractions and a few additions of movies like "Gervaise," "Paths of Glory," "Fear Strikes Out," "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" "The Bachelor Party," "The Young Stranger," "Les Girls" and "Old Yeller." But enough of 1957. Let's get on with 1958, and hope that the movie industry will take seriously its own newly-adopted slogan: "Get more out of life—go out to a movie." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

"EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW"

RECENT DECISIONS of the Supreme Court, especially those in the area of individual rights, have provoked much controversy and criticism, even proposals to amend the Constitution so as to limit the powers of the Court. Writing in the latest issue of the *Georgetown Law Journal* (Washington, D.C.), Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., of Missouri, reviews the current arguments in terms of the traditional role of the Court. Substantial excerpts from his article appear below.

Over the entrance to the Supreme Court are the words "Equal Justice Under Law," heralding to the world the underlying principle of American justice. "Equal Justice" for all individuals—no matter how unpopular—has long been the creed of the Supreme Court. From its earliest history, the Court has often been the victim of harsh and unwarranted criticism for its relentless application of this principle. For example, in post-Revolutionary days it upheld the property rights of Tories, for which it was vigorously attacked. Again, after the Civil War, the Court applied the "equal justice" principle to the people of the South in spite of bitter opposition by many who desired to impose extreme penalties on those who had attempted to secede from the Union. Thus the concept of equal justice has been a bitter pill for some to swallow due to preconceived ideas of guilt and innocence and desire to deal summarily with alleged offenders.

Few terms of the Supreme Court have done more to make the words "equal justice" a reality than the term which began in October, 1956. And few terms have received more criticism. Many claim that the Court has usurped the power of Congress, and that its decisions amount to judicial legislation. They would smother the Court's protective function by enactment of restrictive legislation. Others, however, have praised the Court for upholding the Constitution and preventing the other branches of the government from encroaching upon the constitutional rights of the individual. . . . It is not suggested that actions of the Supreme Court should be beyond any examination, since constructive criticism of all governmental bodies is a requisite of the democratic process. But there can be no justification for ill-considered and vituperative comment.

Since the close of World War II, a fear approaching hysteria has combined with a general feeling of distrust to bring our nation closer to a police state than it has ever been. The Atomic Age and Communism have created within our nation a desire and a fruitless search for complete, foolproof internal security. To obtain this objective, certain agencies of the Government, with full approval of many members of Congress and many citizens of our nation, have developed practices and procedures which cannot be tolerated under our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

This is not an entirely new problem to the Supreme Court and the American people. After the Revolutionary War, there were enacted the Alien and Sedition Acts which were never ruled upon by the Supreme Court. They expired by their own provisions in 1801, but their unpopularity due primarily to overzealous enforcement contributed to the overthrow of the party in power. After the Civil War came the Reconstruction Program. In many ways it provided for internal security, but in a novel setting since the country to be secured included the homeland of the defeated army. Certain provisions of these acts were struck down by the Supreme Court. One act was so outrageous that it was never enforced, and its effect has been vitiated by the Civil Rights Act of 1957. Another demand for foolproof internal security sprang up after World War I. It also had many sad and dismal results and came to an end only after the hue and cry which arose as a result of the Sacco-Vanzetti ordeal.

This emotional climate appeared again after World War II, but much of the litigation testing the constitutionality of the consequential practices has only recently reached the Supreme Court. Certain of these practices already have been disapproved by the Court and others will also be nullified if they cannot meet the test of

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constitutionality. We all should recognize the desire and need for internal security, but we must also recognize that our democracy is based upon those rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution. These rights are guaranteed to *all* our citizens. The necessity of self-preservation requires that each citizen give up a certain amount of his freedom. It is the function and the duty of the Supreme Court to strike a balance between the rights and liberties of the citizen and the internal security of the nation, and it must strike this balance according to the dictates of the Constitution. If the Court should allow the government to encroach arbitrarily upon individual constitutional rights and liberties to obtain internal security, then our system of government would be destroyed from within. A democracy under a Constitution such as ours, therefore, is inherently incapable of a *foolproof* internal security program. This is the failing and the glory of our system of government. Complete and foolproof internal security can only be obtained (if at all) in a totalitarian police state. Our nation has always believed in the dignity of the individual, and the Supreme Court has on many occasions had to stand by the most undesirable of individuals and uphold their constitutional rights. It follows that if such rights can be denied to the undesirable, they can as easily be denied to every American citizen. This is the significance of the words "Equal Justice Under Law" . . . .

The decisions of this past term have not put an end to the hysteria which exists in our nation. In fact, the immediate result of many of the decisions has been to fan the existing fires of fear and hate. The cry has arisen that the Supreme Court has hindered efforts to combat the enemies of society by bending over backward to maintain individual rights. The strength of our nation has been—and always will be—founded upon more than material wealth. Our strength is founded on faith. To maintain this strength, the Bill of Rights was annexed to the Constitution; to supplement the Bill of Rights, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments were adopted. Under these, our nation has grown to a stature never before attained by any nation. Our constitutional system of government, above all, has enabled us to achieve this. We should not abandon our Constitution and allow the rights of individuals to become subservient to the Government in an attempt to obtain foolproof internal security. To do so weakens, not strengthens, our nation. The Supreme Court, because of its position as a separate but equal branch of the government, has been able to enforce the edicts of the Constitution. Due to their independence, the Supreme Court Justices have been able to consider the cases, as they come before them, apart from contemporary political strife.

It is not the contention of this article that the Supreme Court is perfect. However, it is my contention that an *independent judiciary* is an essential element of our democratic system. If the history of our country has taught us anything, it is that a democratic government functions best under three separate branches. The Supreme Court has, over the years, proved its necessity to our way of life. Our forefathers very wisely left to us this independent judiciary. It is a heritage in which each one of us can take great pride.

Over the past few years, there has been a constant movement to undermine the independence, honor, and prestige of our federal court system—from the Supreme Court down to the district courts. Many decisions of the Supreme Court have been misconstrued and misrepresented. Those who desire to curtail the Court have played upon the emotions of the public through such misrepresentations. The Supreme Court has no public relations staff; indeed, it would not want one, since it has no desire for the limelight. Therefore, it is incumbent on every American who favors the maintenance of our judiciary to recognize the dangers and pitfalls in destroying the independent character of the federal judiciary.

I have no doubt that the Supreme Court will emerge from the present conflict with all its traditional powers. "Equal Justice Under Law" will endure as long as free men are willing to meet the challenge.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE SOUTHERN MODERATE"

Princeton, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: In his interesting and penetrating article "The Southern Moderate" [Dec. 13], Walker Percy declares that the problem of school desegregation "has become immeasurably more serious through a concurrence of bad luck, bad timing, and federal stupidity." That the "enforced cultural change . . . should be in the area of education" may be bad luck. The badness of the timing, however, is in large part the result of the failure of Congress over the years to act against racial discrimination in areas in which the bugaboo of "social and sexual consequences" could less easily be conjured up.

"The other problems, voting, buses, etc.," may now be "trivial in comparison" with that of school desegregation, as Mr. Percy reports. But would the school problem be so thorny today if Congress had met the responsibilities with respect to voting placed on it by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments?

Another example of failure by Congress to proceed against racial discrimination is found in its toleration of discrimination against Negroes on interstate railroads by some of the railroad unions. There is here

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no real "question of leaving to the states the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution"; the supremacy of federal over state jurisdiction in the matter of labor relations on interstate railroads was established long ago. Moreover, the problem of enforcement of federal legislation in this sphere would be far less serious than that of compelling positive action by local school authorities through federal court decrees unsupported by specific federal legislative directives.

The failure of Congress to act can not be excused on the ground of ignorance. It was notorious that unions excluded Negroes from membership and made agreements with the railroads discriminating against Negro employees in seniority rights and promotion. To be sure, the federal courts have held repeatedly that the unions are forbidden by the Railway Labor Act to make agreements discriminating against Negro employees for whom they are, under that law, the exclusive bargaining representatives (because chosen by the majority of the employees in the respective crafts or classes of employees). But the courts have also held that Congress has left the unions free to refuse membership to the Negroes for whom they hold the exclusive right of representation in collective bargaining under the Act. The courts have declared themselves powerless to remove this (to borrow from Mr. Percy's language again) "sign *For Whites Only,* which the Negro must find increasingly humiliating"; only Congress—or the unions—can do that.

It was against this background that Congress amended the Railway Labor Act in 1950 to permit "union-shop" agreements on the railroads. The conditions required were in general similar to those in the Taft-Hartley Act. The obligation to join the union may not be imposed upon any employees to whom membership is not available upon the same terms and conditions as are generally applicable to other members, or with respect to whom membership is denied or terminated for any reason other than failure to tender the ordinary dues, initiation fees and assessments. However, the amended Act does not deny to the unions practicing exclusion the right of exclusive representation over the workers in the crafts or classes concerned who are excluded from membership; it merely frees those excluded workers from the obligation to pay initiation fees, dues and assessments under pain of discharge.

An amendment to the bill, proposed by Senator Jenner, which would have denied the right to serve as a bargaining representative under the Act to any union that excluded any worker in the craft or class to be represented from membership on ground of race, creed or color, or segregated members into separate or auxiliary locals on any of these grounds, was opposed by Senator Hill, in charge of the bill for the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, on the ground that it was not relevant to the purpose of the Committee's bill but in the entirely different and separate field of "so-called civil rights." The Jenner amendment was tabled by a vote of 64 to 17.

In retrospect it is more unfortunate than we then realized that Congress did not adopt the substance of the proposed amendment and then go on to extend it to the Taft-Hartley unions. It would have been better still if Congress had in the 1930's coupled the right of exclusive representation given under the respective Acts to a statutory right on the part of all the workers bargained for to join the unions exercising bargaining rights over them (subject to exclusion for good cause duly shown), thereby outlawing racial discrimination, along with other unjustifiable discriminations, in this important sector of human relationships. For these things that have been left undone that ought to have been done to reduce the magnitude of the over-all problem of racial discrimination we in the North must accept our share of the blame.

DAVID A. MCCABE.

"FREEDOM AND EDUCATION"

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

TO THE EDITORS: Yale President A. Whitney Griswold's "Freedom and Education" [Nov. 15] makes some very useful points, including the distinction between "kinetic" and potential freedom, a matter to which we should give much more thought. I, and I am sure thousands of other Americans, subscribe wholeheartedly and whole-mindedly to his basic thesis. However, I should like to raise two questions.

First, Dr. Griswold suggests that "something within our educational system, some inherent weakness" is reponsible for the decline of the liberal arts. This is one way to say it, of course; but I wonder if he doesn't throw the blame in the wrong direction. Now I am very well aware of the vested interests in education, of the professional educator's hold (some would call it a stranglehold) on educational policy and practices, and of the fact that students can take only courses which the teachers offer. But I can't help wondering whether President Griswold, like many other recent writers, is not setting education apart from the society which sponsors and nourishes it and is crediting education with a sort of free-will which it doesn't have. It seems to me that he is blaming education for something that we the people are really responsible for.

If education is not doing right by us, is not going where we want it to go, that is our fault. It is an agency of society, an implement, if you wish, created by the people and used by them for their own purposes. If, however, it has actually become its own master, as Dr. Griswold and others seem to think, that too is our fault.

This suggested view of education does not deny the

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general truth of Dr. Griswold's article. I am only concerned with the tendency, which seems to be quite common, to shrug off responsibility and to think of education as a monster apart from man and beyond his control. I am not willing to go so far as to contend that education is what it is because that is what we (the people) *want* it to be; but I am quite certain that, at least, we have let it become what it is. Actually, of course, it should be a service which part of us perform for the rest of us.

This brings us to the second point. It is possible that Dr. Griswold, surrounded as he is by the relatively select students at Yale, may not be entirely aware of the general level of students in American high schools and colleges. It is also possible that education *is* what the people want. At the risk of appearing somewhat snobbish, let me suggest that we take a quick look at the American student body.

Among contemporary students the range of intelligence, aptitudes, interests, and needs is unbelievably broad. Our high school population includes something like eighty-five per cent of the high-school-age population, virtually every child of the age group who is educable. These youngsters range all the way from those who barely know enough to come in out of the rain to those geniuses who will eventually figure out how to control the rain. A smaller proportion, of course, are going to college and their intellectual average is somewhat higher. But even here the range is exceedingly broad; and anyone who has taught undergraduates in a public college, as I have, knows only too well how academically incompetent even college students can be.

Dr. Griswold refers to our founding fathers and to the probable fact that in the eighteenth century "the liberal arts were considered to be the driving, motivating force of the whole educational system" and that the early writings "proclaim the liberal arts as the educational source of the concepts of freedom embodied in the Constitution and the whole political philosophy of which it is the center." This is unquestionably correct; but it does not necessarily imply a carry-over to the twentieth century. In the eighteenth century, and through much of the nineteenth, education, especially higher education, was for the most part almost a luxury designed for relatively few potential leaders (clergymen, teachers, statesmen) and for gentlemen of leisure. It is obvious, I think, that this is not true of twentieth-century American education.

Between 1900 and 1950 the population of the United States doubled; during that same period the high-school population—and hence the potential college enrollment—increased *ten times*. As I read it, this means that we now have in schools and colleges a type of student (mostly the poorer type) which was not in school in 1900, and much less in 1800. Our founding fathers, as wise and imaginative as some of them were, did not envision the broad, general education for everyone which is now prevalent.

It is possible that the "widespread prevalence of vocational studies" is a more natural thing than Dr. Griswold realizes, simply because that is the kind of education most students need and want. It is even possible, though I hesitate to say it, that most students (at least the lower half of the intellectual range) are not up to the kind of liberal arts education Dr. Griswold wants them to have. Though I am not sure what the functions and goals of contemporary eudcation are, I'm fairly sure they are not what they were in the eighteenth century.

This whole matter could be discussed at much greater length, and it should be. I am only trying, here, to suggest that while I think Dr. Griswold is right in principle—we do need more and better liberal arts education, and we must be willing to pay for it—I fear that, with society what it is today, the liberal arts cannot regain what Dr. Griswold considers to be "their rightful proportions in our educational system." Nevertheless, I am sincerely grateful for men like President Griswold and for Yale and other similar universities where the liberal arts are still held in first place and are available to those who need them and can benefit from them.

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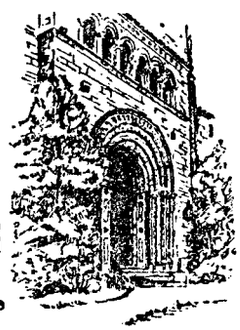

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MORE ON NUCLEAR WAR

AFTER MY COLUMN on "Nuclear War and the Theologians" appeared [Dec. 13], a reader wrote a letter to The Commonweal. The reader was Philip Cooper, Jr., of Rochester, New York. Here is what Mr. Cooper wrote:

> The conclusions which John Cogley . . . evaded may be perilous, but does that excuse us from facing them? "The Catholic theologian at the meeting . . . came to conclusions that practically, if not theoretically, would result in pacifism." But, continues Mr. Cogley, our political and military leaders know that "the mere announcement of such a 'moral' position would probably result in incalculable evil." Therefore, he concludes, "I do not believe that even the best theologians have yet begun to deal with the realities these men face."
>
> That, in the nude, is the body of Cogley's reasoning. The gauzy evasions with which he tries (understandably) to cover it cannot hide the offensive sore, the fallacy that the end can justify the means. The evasions seem to suggest either that the prospective war is to be distinguished, by its radically greater potential, from the wars theologians are in the habit of talking about; or that the threat of "incalculable evil" (not calculated by the theologians) may justify nuclear war as an alternative. But no end, no matter how incalculably urgent, can justify evil means. How, then, in a case where the *means* in question are more clearly the "incalculable evil"?

Let me say, first, that I was not consciously evading any conclusions. In fact I spelled out the conclusions which the "just war" argument led to—practical if not theoretical pacifism. What interested me was that this radical conclusion was accepted calmly, almost indifferently, at the conference I attended, as if it were an interesting academic point but had nothing to do with the real concerns of statesmen. No one was prepared to say, on the basis of its logic, that we ought to dismantle our nuclear defenses or shift the present military emphasis of the State Department.

I do not believe that the prospect of "incalculable evil" resulting from such a "moral" posture is wild conjecture. When some years ago Dean Acheson failed to include Korea within the defense perimeter of the United States, he, innocently, asked for trouble. And we got it. Any indication that the United States has unilaterally foresworn the use of nuclear weapons would, I am convinced, be even more hazardous.

Mr. Cooper might quite properly ask me then: "Well, would *you* be prepared to be 'moral' anyway?" And if I said, as I might, that I would not because of the almost certain "incalculable evil" that would result from inviting aggression he might charge that I was advocating the use of evil means to achieve a good end. Unless I misunderstand Mr. Cooper, that is just what he has been too polite to charge but is too honest not to suggest.

What *is* happening to the ends-and-means principle? That principle has a high place in Catholic morality. It underlies much of our sexual morality and is at the basis of many of the thorny teachings about medical practices, even where lives are involved. What are its implications for the statesmen and political leaders today?

I would not attempt to lay down the moral law. But I think the theologians should.

Of course no theologians can be expected to know all the intricacies of the political situation or project with any assurance the exact military situation when action may be required. But the central moral problem is not impossible for even the layman to grasp. I do not see how a theologian can evade his responsibility by pleading military or diplomatic non-competence.

That does not mean I believe the theologians should make flat, naked judgments and then retire. That would be irresponsible. The total context of the problem must be considered and if our present policies are morally reprehensible, some "moral" doors must be opened.

But I am afraid, as I wrote before, that even the best professional moralists are not doing their part. I don't know that I blame them. One course of action, in moral terms, is based on the threat, and even the possibility, of mass "murder." The other, even more probably, can lead to mass "suicide." The dreadfulness of such an alternative is what I would like to see the theologians tackle.

I am willing, Mr. Cooper, to admit that our present course looks as if the nation is acting on the belief that we may threaten "murder" so that we will not be "murdered" and may even back up our threats with "immoral" action rather than deliberately choose "suicide." And I know that if you abstract that statement you can say quite properly: "In other words, Cogley, the end justifies the means." But the problem is that if you tell statesmen to abandon the present course and choose "suicide" as preferable to threatening retaliatory "murder," they may well say: "In other words the means justify the end."

JOHN COGLEY.

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Revelations of the Summer

SUMMER IN SALANDAR. By H. E. Bates. Little, Brown. $3.50.

By PATRICIA DONEGAN

IN HIS new book, *Summer in Salandar*, H. E. Bates takes a modern theme and treats it with discretion, taste and craftsmanship. Concerned in these four novellas with the problem of loneliness, the author realizes his characters within the richly-textured details and patterns of a particular setting, interlocking characters and surroundings and pulling the reader into the situation with an insinuating yet vivid appeal to his senses.

In "Summer in Salandar," the title story, Mr. Bates describes the profound isolation of a young travel agent, drenched in the brutal sunlight and glaring boredom of an off season. The tone is set immediately with an initial description of a passing funeral which Manson, the agent, watches indifferently.

"It flashed along the waterfront like a train of cellulose beetles, black and glittering, each of the thirty cars a reflection of the glare of the sun on the sea. He wondered, as the cars leaped away up the avenue of jade and carmine villas, eyeless in the bright evening under closed white shades, why funerals in Salandar were always such races, unpompous and frenzied, as if they were really chasing the dead. He wondered, too, why he never saw them coming back again. They dashed in black undignified weeping haste to somewhere along the seacoast, where blue and yellow fishing boats beat with high, moonlike prows under rocks ashen with burned seaweed, and then vanished forever."

Into this sunburnt sluggishness of rock and sea, the author brings a restless young woman, intruding on Manson's dullness the problems of her eyes, her perfumes and her fears, making herself felt in petty demands. It is as if Manson himself were the off season, as if the brutality of the sunlight had dulled all effort, made him helpless and hopeless, passively defensive against the restless thrusts of the woman. "A smell of oil and hot bullock dung and rotting seaweed seethed in the air. . . ."

More gentle, more poignant, perhaps, is "Death of a Huntsman," where a "bright yellow break of sunlight" seen through the dense masses of cucumber leaves becomes a young girl, made beautiful by the awareness of her beauty in a gentle, slightly ridiculous, certainly awkward older man. The soft, bright tranquility of an English countryside blankets this story and seems to be part of the communication between the two who love each other. The physical incongruity and awkwardness of the man only intensifies the idyll, and when it is broken it is destroyed with a violence—of which the author is also capable—in a contrast not only of character and action, but of setting, of night and shadows.

Mr. Bates has been compared to Chekov and, in the intense quality of the mood, in the inevitability of the characters' revelations, in depth, his work is reminiscent of the Russian writer. There is unity and meaning to these four novellas, which make a splendid addition to the author's already remarkable achievements.

Love as an Enchantment

ON LOVE. By Ortega y Gasset. Meridian. $3.50.

By KATHLEEN CRAIG

ORTEGA y Gasset died in 1955 at the age of seventy-two. The book of his last days has just reached us, and as the dust cover says, it is concerned with "aspects of a single theme." It is an odd theme for an old philosopher to be pondering at the end of his life, human love. And though he says that "friendship must not be forgotten when considering general love," he is, for the most part, thinking of erotic love, the love that men and women have for each other.

It is a very pleasant legacy to have left us, this series of essays on the familiar subject. Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses*, written in 1930, was an amazingly prophetic and intuitive cultural study of modern man. It might be classed with such original works as Belloc's *Servile State*, and even Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.

The present book may cause a revival of interest in love, "as a movement of the soul." If some college professor of literature asked his class to compare the ideas found in much modern literature with the reflections on love in Ortega's little book, he might uncover some interesting material. Ortega y Gasset thinks that love is an enchantment, and that in the hierarchy of the emotions it is second only to the love of God. And that it is natural that the language of the two loves should be similar. Being able to love is an attribute of the soul. Dogs and cats do not fall in love.

He says "every age since the glorious age of Greece has had some great theory of the sentiments; the last two centuries have lacked one." He hopes, however, that Western man is about to develop a new theory of love in keeping with modern complexities. There has been a confusion between desires or appetites and sentiments from which all psychology has suffered. Lorenzo the Magnificent says that *"L'amore è on appeto di belleza . . .* I think that love is indeed the complete opposite of an elemental force . . . I wish to suggest that love is not an instinct but rather a creation . . . the savage has no inkling of it . . . the Greek at the time of Pericles barely recognized it . . . Plato was aware of this sentiment and described it beautifully but it would never have occurred to him to confuse it with

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what a Greek of his time felt for a woman. Love in Plato is romantic love in perhaps its first appearance in history . . . truth obliges us to recognize in it one of the historic roots of the admirable western invention, love for a woman."

On Love is quite unAmerican, but then any real thinking on this subject would seem unAmerican. Whatever the reason, Americans do not theorize on love. Maybe we are too busy, too materialistic. Yet we used to write love poetry! Where has it gone? Very little love poetry has been written during the past twenty-five years. Even our fiction is not really about love.

But Ortega believes that people are worthy of love, that love in fact exists and is a great dynamic force. He reminds us that Dante imagined that love moves the sun and the other planets.

One need not agree with all that is said to recommend a book. Ortega tells us that "nothing is so flattering to a man as to be told by a woman that he is interesting." But then he tells us that the Don Juan type is the man most frequently loved by women. That may have been true in nineteenth century Spain or England but the sad modern lady who leads a very unsheltered life is probably attracted by something quite different. He goes on to say that geniuses and great men have rarely attracted women, that Napoleon was not greatly loved by the women in his life.

There are here some concepts that will seem a little old-fashioned and dull to the modern mind. Some of the essays *are* quite old ones reprinted from *El Sol*, the newspaper founded by Ortega. The essay called "Portrait of Salome" is interesting and yet somehow old hat. "In the morphology of the female there are perhaps no two stranger figures that Judith and Salome, the two women who possess two heads apiece, their own and the severed one." He then describes essential femininity as that which is "yielding, derivative, weak." Yet we come to the Judith-Salome variations and find the "Woman of prey." "The growth of a Salome occurs only at the summit of society. In Palestine she was a pampered idle princess; today she could be the daughter of a banker or a coal baron." This is pretty much nonsense. Charlotte Corday was neither heiress nor princess; nor was the great Jeanne D'Arc.

Nevertheless we have a fascinating book which comes when we really need it. It would be surprising but delightful if *On Love* were widely read in this day of the mass man and the lonely crowd.

Presenting God's Plan of Salvation

THE ART OF TEACHING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By Johannes Hofinger, S.J. University of Notre Dame Press. $3.50.

By GERARD S. SLOYAN

VERY FEW persons connected with religious education are unaware that within the Catholic body there is a ferment now some four decades old in the direction of improved religious instruction. Very few of those unaware of the ferment (a much larger group) who are Catholic parents would disapprove of it, for they experience daily the gap of ineffectiveness it is trying to close.

Father Hofinger is an Austrian exile from the Chinese mission, now stationed in Manila, who has been a visiting lecturer at the Universities of Notre Dame and St. Louis in the summers of 1954 through 1957. He is the best exponent of the art of catechetics who—many of his students have encountered—for some, the only one. This situation is passing strange, since his normal American students have been the priest, the teaching religious and the lay catechist. The paradox is that in any international reckoning the U.S. takes the palm for the vigor both of its religious schools and its Confraternity of Christian Doctrine program, but is clearly out of the running when it comes to the teaching of Christian doctrine considered as an art. Other nations are familiar with the national catechetical institute, the expert in the religious phychology of the young, the leading theologian whose work is in pastoral liturgy or religious instruction. Our shores are strange to much of that—for historical reasons, if it is any comfort. There are, of course, isolated persons and books, but the question has been explored only in a tentative and modest way.

Father Hofinger, a mannerly guest in a nation he admires unreservedly, tries to discover along with the reader how the Gospel of Christ may again come to be the "good news" (*euggelion*) it was in apostolic times. He is not a joy-boy with shining eye who hopes to promote in the young the delight of feeling saved. He has no tricks, no easy method, nothing that deserves to be called an "approach." All he asks is that child nature be respected, not offended against, and that the central dogmas of Christian faith crowd the far less important fragments of doctrine and devotion out to the periphery where they belong. When he demands a "kerygmatic renewal" he is pleading for a return to that message (*kerygma*), which the apostles proclaimed, that the eternal love of God has called us to Himself in Christ Jesus His Son.

It has been alleged against the Austrian teacher that he proposes nothing new, that the content of Christian faith has never been in question in the catechetical effort. A careful examination of this volume and of catechetical aid books available, however, will disclose that Father Hofinger's presentation is much more redolent of the Gospel than they. It is deeper in at the heart of things. He stresses the central position of the Father whom we approach only through Christ; the new way of life that is ours according to the image of Christ; the purpose of theology, namely a

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systematic effort to understand God's plan of salvation which consists in "gathering all creation both in heaven and on earth under one head, Christ" (Eph. 1:10). He realizes that "participation in the mystery of Christ" is the ultimate goal of all catechetical effort, but also that the vocabulary of the small child has no place for this admittedly non-evangelical term. Initiation into that mystery will come about only through a Bible-catechesis, a liturgy experienced rather than studied, and the doctrine of Christ the Savior mastered in a context of Christian living.

There are no false steps observable to this reviewer who, though previously well disposed, read critically. Especially in the matter of liturgy does Father Hofinger grasp (what so many overlook) that its didactic function has less to do with object lessons or methods than with celebrating in words and song the very substance of Christian life. In quoting Jungmann's dictum, "Not much liturgics, but much liturgy," he identifies, whether consciously or otherwise, that shoal of vestments and chalices on which the American catechetical ark has long been foundered. Perhaps the book's best contribution is an analysis of why students who have studied diligently in schools and parishes for many years do not really enjoy the Christian religion. They have been given it piecemeal, says this author. Doctrine, practices and obligations have been multiplied without ever being ordered by the spirit and central idea, which is God's love as revealed to us in Christ.

The book contains a good history of catechetics incidental to its own progress. A number of enthusiasms appear without apology, for example the new German Catechism (though with certain reservations), some pupil texts done by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine office in San Francisco, and almost every line written by Father Josef A. Jungmann, S.J. The refreshing thing to the theologian will be the author's insistence that theology and not the laws of pedagogy must dictate the order of presentation, though they may not be prepared for his reminder to them that the object of Christian theology is not "God in Himself" but the "God of Salvation." Theology unsure of its proper ordering cannot inspire a catechesis better ordered than itself, is his point.

Thirty developed lessons appear in the book's central one hundred pages, according to the scheme: God's Love for Us; The Response of Our Grateful Love. A concluding section describes the formation of the Sister catechist, and the catechetical apostolate of the priest. The printer has slipped occasionally, but Mary Perkins Ryan, who prepared this subtle and beautiful text for printing, not at all.

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Personal Report from Algeria

LIEUTENANT IN ALGERIA. By Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, Knopf. $3.50.

By GEORGE SHEPHERD, Jr.

DESPITE THE chilling accounts of cold-blooded atrocities this war book describes, it strikes one of the first notes of hope yet sounded on the Algerian war. M. Servan-Schreiber does not raise any illusions about the prospects of the French winning the war; but after reading his personal story, one begins to hope that the liberating spirit of the French Revolution still lives in the breasts of some of her sons.

This dynamic thirty-three-year-old editor of *L'Express* volunteered for active duty in Algeria after being subjected to severe criticism for his paper's negative views on the Algerian war. Surprisingly enough, he was accepted and assigned to a combat unit. However, as he was to learn, he was carefully watched and several plots were launched to frame him.

Most of the book consists of long verbatim accounts of conversations and combat experiences with his fellow officers and enlisted men. Because it reads like a novel it produces a sense of direct participation, but, possibly for the same reason, it raises questions about the complete accuracy of all that is reported.

We have had many Reliable accounts of French and Arab atrocities before; but Servan-Schreiber succeeds in bringing alive the human passions which surround these brutalities. His story begins with one incident of instinctive animal killing by a French soldier which then leads to the death of several innocent Arab passers-by. This is more than normal warfare, as the author shows in the way one such incident can lead to an entire network of lies from which there seems to be no escape. When discussing the morality of stating that weapons were found on the dead Algerians when there were no weapons, one army officer said: "You lie from a sense of duty, you

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see. Once you've got that far, there is no way out."

When M. Servan-Schreiber went to Algeria to fight, he evidently believed that despite the failures of French policy in the past, a new relationship might be established with the Arabs, first through pacification, and then reform. Most of these illusions were blasted by his experiences. In his sketch of numerous blunders and corruption, he reveals how French pacification is, in fact, driving away many of the young Moslems. In one case, he describes how his unit was attacking a village to route out a sniper, when suddenly a general buzzed up in a helicopter and ordered the artillery to be turned on the entire village, causing unnecessary casualties. Several incidents like this reveal that some of the military believe anything can be justified if it preserves the lives of Frenchmen.

Most of M. Servan-Schreiber's time was spent with the "Black Commandos" who utilized certain "loyal" Algerians to reestablish contacts with other Arabs and win them to the French cause. These efforts were obstructed and sabotaged by "colon" influences and reactionary army officers in headquarters who imagined these were attempts to "negotiate" with the rebels. They even went so far as to order the assassination of M. Servan-Schreiber and one of his fellow officers.

The French army tactics have destroyed any middle ground among the Algerians. At one point a sympathizer of Young Catholic Action (a group trying to preserve a bridge of contact between Algerian and Frenchmen), tells an aide to the Minister Resident, Robert Lacoste, "There's nobody left. What with snubbing them, arresting them, interning them, and occasionally knocking them off, you've had your way. Everyone who represents anything in this country has gone over to the FLN."

Despite his harrowing experiences, the young editor of *L'Express* clings tenaciously to his faith in France. But he gives the non-French reader little ground for sharing his faith. Nevertheless, he has gained considerable admiration for his own liberal spirit and integrity. If men of his caliber were running the French state, many people would feel renewed confidence. But today M. Servan-Schreiber has been rewarded for his courageous revelations by an indictment for subversive publication. Like his mentor, Mendès-France, he is pilloried for his criticism. However, French opinion can shift quickly as it did over Morocco.

Time is running out very rapidly for France, as she is undermining her entire economic and democratic structure by the continuation of what M. Servan-Schreiber documents as a hopeless war. Regrettably, the author does not attempt to offer a constructive alternative program for Algeria. What he does is to lead people to reject, with him, the monstrous inhumanities being committed every day in Algeria.

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